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**Evan's Grand Hotel
hoop de dooden doo
melodist**

London

[18--]

Reel: 36 Title: 37

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Master Negative Storage Number: OC100036.37**

Control Number: ADE-6007

OCLC Number : 27598164

Call Number : W PN970.E5 EVANx

Title : Evans's Grand Hotel hoop de dooden doo melodist.

Imprint : London : Pattie, [18--]

Format : [16] p. ; 20 cm.

Note : Cover title.

Note : At head of title: All the hoop de dooden doos.

Note : Running title: New and favourite songs.

Note : Running title also appears as: New and favorite songs.

Note : Without music.

Subject : Chapbooks, English.

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Film Size: 35mm microfilm

Image Placement: IIB

Reduction Ratio: 8:1

Date filming began: 8/30/94

Camera Operator: PR

All the Hoop de Dooden Doos.

EVANS'S
GRAND HOTEL
HOOP DE DOO-
DEN DOO.
MELODIST.

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EVANS'S HOOP DE DOODEN DOO. [The Best Version out.]
WHAT YOU SHOULD'NT DO. A comic song. Air.—Hoop de Dooden doo.
THE REAL HOOP DE DOODEN DOO. Sung by Adams and Wilkins.

[The above songs are written by J. A. HARDWICK.]

ENCORE VERSES TO HOOP DE DOODEN DOO. Sung by Mr. Adams.
HOOP DE DOODEN DOO. Modern Version. Sung by Mr. Adams.

The above songs are written by T. RAMSAY.

HOOP DE DOODEN DOO a Favorite American Melody, sung by the Christie
Ministrels and Mackney

ROBSON'S HOOP DE DOODEN DOO. Sung by Mr. F. Robson.
THE PRINCESS ROYAL'S WEDDING. Sung by Julian, & W. J. Adams.
DOWNFALL OF THE BRITISH LION. J. A. Hardwick.

THE MARRIAGE OF THE PRINCESS ROYAL. Sung by Mr. E. Taylor.
ANSWER TO JOE IN THE COPPER.

HOOP DE DOODEN DOO. Sung by Mr. E. H. Pierce.

WILLIE WE HAVE MISSED YOU.

WHEN I DREAM THAT I LOVE YOU! sung by Mr. Sims Reeves.

Annie Laurie
Afloat on the Ocean
All's well Little Nell
Boy in Blue
Ben Bolt Charlie
Bonnie Dundee
Brave Musquetaire
Cottage and Mill
I love the merry sunshine
Darling Ould Stick
DIE NOT FOND MAN
Englishman, the
Far, far upon the sea
Fairy Tempter
Johnny Sands
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Here's to the Navy again
Long Parted have we been

Marguerite's death bed farewell.
Low Back'd Car
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Oh had I but Aladdin's Lamp
Old Soldier's Daughter
Old Folks at Home
Oh, let me like a soldier fall
Partant pour la Syrie
Red, White and Blue
Rouse, Brothers, rouse
Twas on a Sunday Morning
The Standard Bearer
The Happy Days of yore
The Queen and the Navy for ever
To the West, to the West
Up with the Standard of England

Price 1d.

LONDON: Pattie, 31, Paternoster Row, E.C.

NEW AND FAVOURITE SONGS.

ANNIE LAURIE.

Maxwelton's banks are bonnie,
Where early falls the dew,
And 'twas there that Ann & Laurie,
Gave me her promise true,
Gave me her promise true,
Which ne'er forgot will be,
But, for bonnie Annie Laurie,
I'd lay me down and die.

Her brow is like the snowdrift,
Her throat is like the swan;
Her face it is the fairest
That e'er the sun shone on—
That e'er the sun shone on—
And dark blue is her eye;
And for bonnie Annie Laurie
I'd lay me down and die.

Like dew on the Gowan lying,
Is the fa' o' her fairy feet;
And like winds in summer sighing
Her voice is low and sweet—
Her voice is low and sweet—
And she's a' the world to me,
And for bonnie Annie Laurie
I'd lay me down and die.

THE DARLIN' OULD STICK.

My name is bould Morgan M'Carthy, from Tim,
My relations all dead, except one brother Jim,
He's gone a sojering out to Cow bull (Cabool),
I dare say he's laid low with a nick in the skull.
But let him be dead or be living,
A prayer for his corpse I'll be giving,
To send him soon home or to heaven,
For he left me this darlin' ould stick.

If that stick had a tongue it could tell you some
tales,
How it battered the countenances of the O'Neill's,
It made bits of skulls fly about in the air,
And it's been the promoter of fun at each fair,
For I swear by the toe-nail of Moses,
It has often broke bridges of noses,
Of the faction that dare to oppose us—
It's the darlin' kippeen of a stick.

The last time I used it, 'twas on Patrick's day,
Larry Fegan and I got into a shillee,
We went on a spree to the fair of Athboy,
Where I danced, and when done, I kissed Kate
M'Evoy.

Then her sweetheart went out for his cousin,
And by jabers he brought in a dozen,
A dolchrum they would have knocked us in,
If I hadn't the taste of a stick.

"War," was the word, when the faction came in,
And to pummice us well, they peeled off in their
skin;
Like a Hercules there I stood for the attack,
And the first that came up, I sent down on his
back.

Then I shoved out the eye of Pat Clancey,
For he once humbugged sister Nancy—
In the meantime poor Kate took a fancy
To myself and the bit of a stick.

I smothered her sweetheart until he was black,
She then tipped me the wink—we were off in a
crack—

We went to a house t'other end of the town,
And we cheered up our spirits, by letting some
down.

When I got her snug into a corner,
And the whiskey beginning to warm her,
She told me her sweetheart was an informer,
Oh, 'twas then I said prayers for my stick

We got whiskificated to such a degree,
For support my poor Kate had to lean against me
I promised to see her safe to her abode,
By the ternal we fell clean in the mud, on the road
We were roused by the magistrate's order,
Before we could get a toe farther—
Surrounded by pedlers for murder,
Was myself and my innocent stick.

When the trial came on, Katty swore to the fact,
That before I set too, I was decently whacked,
And the judge had a little more feeling than sense,
He said what I done was in my own defence.
But one chap swore against me, named Carey,
Though that night he was in Tipperary—
He'd swear a coal porter was a canary,
To transport myself and my stick.

When I was acquitted, I leaped from the dock,
And the gay fellows around me did flock,
I'd a pain in my shoulder, I shook hands so often,
For the boys all imagined I'd see my own coffin.
I went and bought a gold ring, sirs,
And Kate to the priest I did bring, sirs,
So next night you come, I will sing, sirs,
The adventures of me and my stick.

THE BOY IN BLUE.

Cheer up, cheer up, my mother dear,
Oh! why do you sit and weep?
Do you think that He who guards me here,
Forsakes me on the deep?
Let hope and faith illumine the glance,
That sees the bark set sail.
Look, look at her now and see her dance,
Oh, why do you turn so pale?
'Tis an English ship and an English crew,
So mother be proud of your boy in blue.

Oh, wonder not that next to thee,
I love the galloping wave,
'Tis the first of coursers wild and free,
And only carries the brave;
It has born me nigh to the dark lee shore,
But we struggled heart and hand,
And a fight with the sea in its angry roar,
Shames all your strife on land,
The storm was long, but it found me true,
So mother be proud of your boy in blue.

And if the breakers kill our ship,
And your boy goes down in the foam,
Be sure the last breath on his lip,
Is a prayer for those at home.
But come, cheer up, methinks I heard,
A voice in the anchor chain
That whispered like a fairy bird,
"The bark will come back again."
God bless you, mother; adieu! adieu!
But never weep for your boy in blue.

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EVANX

NEW AND FAVOURITE SONGS.

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RED, WHITE, AND BLUE.

Oh, Britannia! the Bride of the Ocean,
The home of the brave and the free,
The shrine of each Patriot's devotion,
The world offers homage to thee.
At thy mandate, heroes assemble,
When liberty's form stands in view,
Thy banners make tyrants tremble,
When born by the red, white, and blue.

When war spread its wide desolation,
And threaten'd his land to reform,
The ark of Freedom's foundation,
Britannia, rode safe through the storm;
With her garland of Victory round her,
So bravely she bore up her crew,
And her flag floated proudly before her,
The boast of the red, white and blue.

The wine cup, the wine cup, bring hither,
And fill it up true to the brim,
May the wreath Nelson won never wither,
Nor the star of his glory grow dim.
May the service united ne'er sever,
But still to her colours prove true,
The Army and Navy for ever!
Three cheers for the red, white, and blue.

THE STANDARD BEARER.

Epon the tented field, a minstrel knight,
Beside his standard, lonely watch is keeping.
And thus, amid the stillness of the night,
He strikes his lute, and sings while all are sleeping
"The lady of my love I will not name,
Altho' I wear her colours as a token,
But I will fight for liberty and fame,
Beneath the flag where first our vows were spoken."

The night is past, the conflict comes with dawn,
The minstrel knight is seen each foe defying;
While death and carnage onward still are borne,
His song is heard 'mid thousands round him dying;
"The lady of my love I will not name,
Altho' I wear her colours as a token,
But I will fight for liberty and fame,
Beneath the flag where first our vows were spoken."

Stern Death, now sated, quits the gory plain;
The life-blood from the warrior bard is streaming,
Still on his flag he rests his head with pain,
And faintly sings, his eye with fervour beaming
"The lady of my love I will not name,
I still preserve her colours as a token;
I fought and fell, for liberty and fame,
And never has my knightly vow been broken."

THE HAPPY DAYS OF YORE.

My heart is gladly beating, as I tread the scene
once more,
Where boyhood gaily revel'd, in the happy days
of yore:
And I greet the zephyr's melody, that round me
sweetly plays,
For its tune is still as joyous, as it was in childhood's
days.

The fragrant breath of summer, would fan the
boyish brow,
That once so fair, by cruel care, is sadly alter'd now,
For the glossy raven tresses in which that brow
was drest,
Have faded 'neath the hand of time into a snowy
crest.

The green and waving meadow, the bed of fragrant
thyme,
The flowers fair all seem to wear the dress of
olden time;
The wavelets on the river, still seek their sunny
track,
And vanish like the golden hopes, that never can
come back.

MINNIE MOORE.

In last night's dream I saw again
Sweet faces I adore,
'Mid others, was an old schoolmate—
Dear, gentle Minnie Moore.
And glided o'er my dreaming mind
Not only those I know,
But memories of so many scenes,
All linked with Minnie too:
A thousand thoughts of childhood's days,
Of innocence and glee
For I was all the world to her,
And she the world to me.

How oft, when on our way to school,
We'd stray beside the brooks,
And gather wild flowers by their side,
We'd quite forget our books,
And trifle half the day away,
In some old mossy dell;
And, going home at night, I'd coax
Dear Minnie not to tell.
Such memories are by far more dear
Than wealth of classic lore,
Unfolding thoughts of sunny hours,
Of youth and Minnie Moore.

OH! HAD I BUT ALADDIN'S LAMP.

Oh! had I but Aladdin's lamp,
If only for a day,
I'd try and find a link to bind
The joys that pass away.
I'd try to bring an angel's wing
Upon this earth again,
And build true worth a home on earth,
A home beloved by men.
It should be May, and always May;
I'd wreath the world with flowers,
I'd robe the barren wilderness,
And bring life happy hours.

I'd soothe the lorn and desolate;
Increase the widows store,
And industry should wear a smile
It never wore before.
Where'er there dwelt unhappiness,
I'd use my magic away,
And none should be in poverty;
Or dread the coming day.
It should be May, &c.

NEW AND FAVOURITE SONGS.

'T WAS ON A SUNDAY MORNING

'Twas on a Sunday morning, before the bells did
peal,
A letter came thro' my window with Cupid on its
seal,
And soon I heard a whisper, as soft as music sing,
'Twas on a Sunday morning before the bells did ring.

The morn had been but cloudy, my heart had felt
its gloom,
But soon a sudden sunlight filled all my little room,
I kissed the letter, guarded with ribbons, flowers,
and string,
'Twas on a Sunday morning, before the bells did ring

Good was he, and handsomer than any in the land;
He vowed to me his true heart, his faithful heart
and hand,

I hurried thro' the garden, and back the gate did
swing,

'Twas on a Sunday morning, before the bells did ring

My foot the field had turned, and on its path did
rest,

When in his arms he caught me, and pressed me
to his breast,

A smile was on his fond lip, sweet smiles that love
can bring,

'Twas on a Sunday morning, before the bells did ring

MINNIE.

When the sun is high in the bright blue sky,
And the soft winds sigh through the grove,
'Mid the fragrance of flow'rs and the green spread-
ing bowers,

A sweet voice oft invites me to rove.
"Oh, Minnie! dear Minnie! come o'er the lea,
For the sun's beaming high in the cloudless sky,
And a true heart is waiting for thee,
A true heart is waiting for thee."

In the silent night, when the moon shines bright,
And the pale stars faintly peep,
At my window I hear the same voice sweet and
clear,

Calling softly while mother's asleep,
"Oh, Minnie! dear Minnie! come o'er the lea:"
Then without a reply, like a bird, soon I fly,
To the heart that is waiting for me,
The heart that is waiting for me.

BEN BOLT.

Oh! don't you remember sweet Alice, Ben Bolt,
Sweet Alice with hair hazel brown,
She wept with delight when you gave her a smile,
And trembled with fear at your frown,
In the old churchyard in the valley, Ben Bolt,
In a corner, obscure and alone,
They have fitted a slab of granite so grey,
And sweet Alice lies under the stone.
They have fitted a slab of granite so grey,
And sweet Alice lies under the stone.

Oh! don't you remember the wood, Ben Bolt,
Near the green sunny slope of the hill;
Where oft we have sung 'neath its wide spreading
shade,
And kept time to the click of the mill.

The mill has gone to decay, Ben Bolt,
And a quiet now reigns all around,
See, the old rustic porch with its roses so sweet,
Lies scatter'd and fallen to the ground.
See the old rustic porch, &c.

Oh! don't you remember the school, Ben Bolt.
And the master so kind and so true,
And the little nook by the clear running brook,
We gather'd the flow'rs as they grew.
O'er the master's grave grows the grass, Ben Bolt,
And the running little brook is now dry,
And of all the friends who were schoolmates then,
There remains, Ben, but you and I.
And of all the friends, &c.

THE COTTAGE AND MILL.

Have you seen the new cottage; just built by the
squire?

And is it not all a fond heart can desire?
With its pretty white gate, which half open doth
stand,

And the clustering roses seem courting your hand,
It its garden so trim; that you cannot but stay
To gather the freshness, and bear them away.

Yes! often I stroll to the church on the hill,
Where I viewed the old cottage, and old water mill,

Yes! there it was, once, stood the old water mill,
And through the green meadows there rippled the
rill,

And welcome were we in the good miller's time.
When the mill and its master were both in their
prime.

And oft as we joined in the gay rustic throng,
Have we chorussed the laugh, as we chorussed the
song.

But now, as I stroll to the church on the hill,
I view but the ruins of cottage and mill.

Our friend has departed, the mill has decayed,
And Time, I confess, has some sad changes made.
But time, as we know, like the mill goeth round,
New faces smile kindly, with hearts full and sound,
Yet fancy still echoes the merry click-clack,
A I ramble, in thought, to the church on the hill,
Where I viewed the old cottage, and old water-mill

CHARLIE.

Oh! my heart is gay as a summer day,
When Charlie's by my side;
In the coming spring the bells will ring.

For I shall be his bride!
Ah! yes, his bride soon I shall be;
He, who is all, all the world to me!
Oh! were Charlie king, or the bravest knight
That ever banner bore,
I should not feel more proud than now,
Nor love him, love him more;
Were Charlie king or the bravest knight,
I could not love him more.

Oh! his step is light, and his eye is bright,
As mornings radiant beam!
Of him I think the five-long day,
Of him at night I dream!
Ah! yes his bride soon I shall be:
He who is all, all the world to me.

Oh, were Charlie king, &c.

HOOP DE DOODEN DOO.

Sung by Mr. Adams. Modern version by T. Ramsay.

This is the very age of song.
Some say its right, some say its wrong,
But I think it rather smells too strong.
Of hoop de dooden doo.
They sing about all sorts of things,
Of lady's crinolines and rings,
But the only thing that money brings
Is hoop de dooden doo.

The cabinet ministers made a splash,
And with French polish cut a dash,
Which caused Palmerston to go to smash,
Their hoop de dooden doo.

And now it is the Derby day,
I think I've heard some better say,
That any odds they'll take away,
On hoop de dooden doo.

We find out by the evening star,
Prince Alfred's going to be a tar,
On board the Euralus ship of war,
Bound to hoop de dooden doo.

If you ask me why he quits these shores,
Its to reduce the Royal store,
Besides it will make room for more.
Young hoop de dooden doos.

The Spouting Spurgeon is perplexed,
And he don't know what to preach next,
And he's going to choose for his text,
Hoop de dooden doo.

He spouts against both play and song,
Don't he pitch his gammon strong,
For a parson I think it very wrong
To hoop de dooden doo.

A BUMPER.

A bumper of good liquor
Will end a contest quicker,
Than Justice, Judge, or Vicar,
So fill each cheerful glass.

ENCORE VERSES TO HOOP DE DOODEN DOO.

By T. Ramsay. Sung by Mr. W. J. Adams.

The encore to this motley song,
Which is neither short nor long,
And made up for the motley throng,
Of hoop de dooden doo.
Its made of words set down with care,
And I think it is but fair,
To let you know the encore air—
Is hoop de dooden doo.

The early closing movement's made,
A movement in shopkeeping trade,
But this move is, so 'tis said
All hoop de dooden doo.
They could at early hour sup,
And have time for an extra cup.
These fast young men want shutting up,
Hoop de dooden doo

At Canton with Commissioner Yeh,
The French and English did take tea.
But now he's sent across the sea
To hoop de dooden doo.

With the canister from Cannon-street,
We did this Quanky Tongo treat,
Our gunpowder did his Gango beat—
At hoop de dooden doo.

Lord Palmerston is dead no doubt,
The Derby Club will lug him out,
And he with his last breath will shout
Hoop de dooden doo.

But he has been laid out before,
Suppose he comes to life once more,
And at the Derby party war,
Hoop de dooden doo.

The passport in French market call.
Is a trade that will not pass at all,
And that it is a duffing stall
At hoop de dooden doo.

They say its what rogues make a trade of,
What every honest man's afraid of,
When some folks say the passport's made of
Hoop de dooden doo.

When will the Queen a soldier be,
Excuse me if I make too free,
I can very plainly see,
Hoop de dooden doo.

The Princess Royal never fear,
With a royal babe will soon appear,
Then the Queen will be a granny dear,
Hoop de dooden doo.

WHAT YOU SHOULDN'T DO.

A New Comic Song. J. A. Hardwick.

Air.—Hoop De Dooden Doo.

There's many things my noble swells,
To let alone it's quite as well,
So now to you I'm going to tell—
What you shouldn't do.

You shouldn't hold your heads too high,
If you're togged up in finery,
And passing old acquaintance by—
Is what you shouldn't do.

Trying upon your head to walk,
Drink castor oil with pickled pork,
Or eat soup with a three-pronged fork—
Is what you shouldn't do.

Leading virtuous maids astray,
And then being mean enough to say,
The paltry half crowns you wont pay—
That's what you shouldn't do.

Getting toggery on the "light,"
Going out on the loose at night,
And trying the police to fight,
Is what you shouldn't do.

Bilking landlords of their rent,
And when your ready cash is spent,
Whining how you do repent—
Is what you shouldn't do.

Asking ladies for their age,
Wearing beards 'cause its the rage,
And amateuring on the stage,
Is what you shouldn't do.

Displaying for a threepenny ride,

NEW AND FAVORITE SONGS

Yourself a donkey's back astride,
And having hair and whiskers dyed,
That's what you shouldn't do.

When you're invited out to dine,
Taking pickles with port wine,
And sitting in your four and nine,
Is what you shouldn't do.

Going to play at skittles, where
A quiet game, upon the square,
You think to do, do not—beware—
Its what you shouldn't do.

Accosting girls who walk at ease,
With market baskets and door keys,
And standing to them what they please,
Is what you shouldn't do.

When you're penniless and blue,
And have not got a single screw,
Throwing yourself off Waterloo,
That's what you shouldn't do.

Getting licked right off your perch,
Shuffling packs of cards in church,
And leaving ladies in the lurch,
Is what you shouldn't do.

Believing all that people say,
And up to each move of the day,
Fancying you are au fait—
Its what you shouldn't do.

Mounting the wrong side of a horse,
Blind drunk, pitching up your goss,
And swearing you can sing like Ross,
Is what you shouldn't do.

Going to the cellars, to Baron Nick
And thinking out there you can pick,
Spurgeon drinking like a brick,
Is what you shouldn't do.

Living reckless, gay, and fast,
And fancying, as have hundreds past,
That game for ever it can last,
That you shouldn't do.

Well encore if you please away,
I've given now my little say,
But if you goose I mean to say,
Its what you shouldn't do.

THE REAL HOOP DE DOO— DEN DOO.

New Semi-Political Comic Song. J. A. Hard
wick. Sung by Messrs. W. J. Adams,
C. J. Wilkins, &c. &c.

In this fast music mania age,
Things spring up on and off the stage,
And now the popular air's the rage,
Of hoop de dooden doo.

So now a bit I'm going to chime,
About some things, this present time,
And men and manners to the rhyme,
Of hoop de dooden doo.

If Lord Pam hadn't been so fast,
He'd not have got turned up at last,
But now that joker's fame has past—
All hoop de dooden doo.

But what we've gained is very queer,
Protection no more went do here,
And all the Derby lot this year—
Is hoop de dooden doo.

We must have Pam or Russell yet,
If any real reforms we'd get,
For Derby and his Tory set

Are hoop de dooden doo,
They may just have a little fling,
In office but to taste the thing,
But their stay may be while we can sing—
Hoop de dooden doo.

The "social evil" papers prate,
Has now arrived at such a state,
Our streets are thronged at hours late—
With hoop de dooden doo.

And so much we walk in virtues way,
So many Spurgeons preach and pray,
That its wicked, so we must away,
With hoop de dooden doo.

Tis said they've got a stunning plan,
To mend the morals of each man,
They're going to freight the Leviathan
With hoop de dooden doo.

Far off to some Australian shore,
All naughty women must be bore,
And now we are to have no more
Hoop de dooden doo.

The snappy nappy man of France,
Imagined he'd a fifty chance,
Of making tyranny advance,
But hoop de dooden doo.

Them gaggling games for Bull won't do,
With fingers to our noses true,
We answered cock-a-doodle-doo—
With hoop de dooden doo.

The way they gammon flats away,
Is a caution, as the Yankees say,
To fight abroad for scanty pay,
And hoop de dooden doo.

Rewarding merit is all bosh,
They get no reward and little posh,
In fact the system it won't wash,
Its hoop de dooden doo.

As female fashion rules the day,
From rag fair to the palace gay,
The ladies sport a wast display
Of hoop de dooden doo.

Its quite impossible to say,
If they are in a tickler way,
Or whether its a mere array—
Of hoop de dooden doo.

The India Rubber company,
May turn shoeblacks they'll never see,
Their reign again its all UP—
With hoop de dooden doo.

And them Houd (Oude) rebel chaps,
To lick, we want more Campbell chaps,
Not horse guard muffs in smoking caps,
All hoop de dooden doo.

These precious days of frauds and shams,
There's no believing telegrams,
They tell such diplomatic flams—
All hoop de dooden doo.

One day we've won a victory,
And lost but soldiers two or three,
The next one it turns out to be
All hoop de dooden doo.

NEW AND FAVOURITE SONGS.

UP WITH THE STANDARD OF ENGLAND.

Hark, where the lion is roaring,
List! list! 'tis the growl of the bear;
Above the proud eagle is soaring,
The Crescent waves high in the air;
The steed with impatience is neighing,
The flag of rude war is unfurled,
The trumpet its wild note is braying,
And threatens the peace of the world.
Then up with the standard of England,
Our watchword alone be "Advance!"
Up, up with the standard of England,
And raise the brave banner of France.

'Tis fearful that life should be wasted,
'Tis dreadful that blood should be shed,
That the horrors of war should be tasted,
That ravens and wolves should be fed,
All that honour permits has been borne,
Every mild art of peace has been tried,
Meditation been met with foul scorn,
And now, "war to the knife" must decide.

Then onward by sea and by land,
Since there's no other course to pursue,
Let old England and France hand in hand,
Show the world what combined they can do.
Let our scabbardless swords meet the light,
"Down, down with the tyrant" the cry,
"For honour and justice we fight—
So forward to conquer or die!"

THE OLD SOLDIER'S DAUGHTER.

Oh! do you remember the old Soldier's daughter?
Fair as the morning in spring time was she,
And many a lover all vainly had sought her,
To all she was distant as heaven may be.
'Dear father,' she cried, "with thee let me tarry,
Though lowly our cottage, a home 'tis to me,
I vow I have made that I never will marry,
Oh! let me live happy, dear father, with thee."

But vain was the vow of the old Soldier's daughter,
Young Patrick he wooed her, though humble
was he,
He knelt at her feet, to his bosom he caught her,
And whisper'd, "Oh say when our bridal shall be."
'Dear father,' she cried, "twere a pity to tarry,
A cow and a cottage has Patrick for me,
So dearly he loves me, I'm tempted to marry,
And both will be happy, dear father, with thee."

And calm was the home of the old Soldier's daughter,
Her Patrick beside her, her babe on her knee,
The aged they blest'd, and the youthful they sought
her,
For none were so cheerful, so happy as she.
And fain was the Soldier beside her to tarry,
Till death gently call'd him, then calmly slept he,
She still blest'd the day she was tempted to marry,
Saying, "Patrick, thou art worth all the world,
Love to me."

THE QUEEN AND THE NAVY FOR EVER.

TROVATRE.

Fair is the lily, sweet the blushing rose,
But that seems fairer, this more brightly glows,
Blend with the laurel whose immortal green,
Is fitting type for our own island Queen.
Sweet as the blushing rose—as lily fair
She twines the laurel round her auburn hair
And aims at conquests—fearing not to lose
A nation's love—she smilingly subdues;
With natural graces, all her charms and arts,
Lov'd soon as seen, she reigns "The Queen
hearts."

AIR.

The boast of Old England, the pride of our Queen,
The shield of our freedom and glory,
Her gallant defender—the Navy I mean—
Whose deeds are recorded in story.
Her race on the ocean has won ev'ry prize,
No foe could her strength e'er disserve;
Then fill up a bumper—Britannia arise—
Here's the Queen and the Navy for ever!

When war spread destruction and terror on earth
And filled ev'ry heart with commotion,
Free from carnage and spoil was the land of our
birth,
Through the brave British tars on the ocean,
Long life to their glory! may time from their brow
The evergreen laurel ne'er sever;
But this be the toast when Briton's carouse,
The Queen and the Navy for ever!

KATTY AVOURNEEN.

'Twas a cold winter's night, and the tempest was
snarling,
The snow like a sheet covered cabin and sty;
When Barney, flew over the hills to his darling,
And rapp'd at the window where Katty did lie.
'Arrah, jewel," says he "are you sleepin' or wakin'?"
It's a cold bitter night, and my coat it is thin,
The storm is a brewin', the frost is a bakin',
O, Katty avourneen, you must let me in."

"Ah, then Barney," says Kate, and she spoke
through the window,
"How could you be takin' us out of our bed?
To come at this time it's a shame and a sin, too,
It's whiskey, not love has got into your head.
If your heart it was true, of my fame you'd be
tender;
Consider the time and there's nobody in;
What has a poor girl but her name to defend her.
No, Barney Avourneen, I won't let you in."

"A-cush-la," says he, "it's my eye is a fountain
That weeps for the wrong I might lay at your
door;
Your name is more white than the snow on the
mountain,
And Barney would die to preserve it as pure.
I'll go to my home though the winter winds face me,
I'll whistle them off, for I'm happy within,
And the words of my Katty shall comfort and bless
me,

"No, Barney Avourneen, I won't let you in."

NEW AND FAVOURITE SONGS.

AFLOAT ON THE OCEAN

Afloat on the ocean my days gaily fly;
No monarch on earth is more happy than I;
Like a bright, brilliant star, my trim bark seems to
me,
As sparkling in glory, she skims o'er the sea.
The wave is my kingdom, all bend to my will,
And Fate seems ambitious my hopes to fulfill.
Tra la la la la, &c.

The sea was my birth place, the morn was all bright,
When from a proud galley I first saw the light;
The land I first trod was the home of the vine,
Hence, born on the sea, I doat on good wine;
While I sail o'er the one, if the other be there,
A fig for Dame Fortune, I'll laugh away care.

ALL'S WELL.

Deserted by the waning moon,
When skies proclaim night's cheerless gloom,
On tower, or fort, or tented ground,
The sentry walks his lonely round;
And should a footstep haply stray,
Where caution marks the guarded way,
"Who goes there? stranger, quickly tell,"
"A friend"—"the word"—Good night, all's well."

Or sailing on the midnight deep,
While weary messmates soundly sleep,
The careful watch patrols the deck,
To guard the ship from foes or wreck;
And while his thoughts oft homeward veer,
Some well known voice salutes his ear,
"What cheer, oh, brother, quickly tell,"
"Above—below—good night! all's well."

PARTANT POUR LA SYRIE.

It was Dunois, the young and brave,
Was bound for Palestine,
But first he made his orisons,
Before St. Mary's shrine.
"And grant, immortal queen of heav'n,"
Was still the soldier's pray'r,
"That I may prove the bravest knight,
And love the fairest fair."

His oath of honour on the shrine,
He grav'd it with his sword,
And follow'd to the Holy land,
The banner of his lord.
Where faithful to his noble vow,
His war-cry filled the air,
Be honour'd, aye, the bravest knight,
Belov'd the fairest fair."

They ow'd the conquest to his arm,
And then his liege lord said,
"The heart that has for honour beat
By love must be repaid.
My daughter, Isabel, and thou,
Shall be a wedded pair,
For thou, art bravest of the brave,
She, fairest of the fair."

And then they bound the holy knot,
Before St. Mary's shrine,
That makes a paradise on earth,
If hearts and hands combine.
And every lord and lady bright,
That were in chapel there,
Cried "honoured be the bravest knight,
Beloved the fairest fair."

FAR, FAR UPON THE SEA.

Music published in the Musical Souvenir.

Far, far upon the sea,
The good ship speeding free,
Upon the deck we gather, young and old;
And view the flapping sail,
Swelling out before the gale,
Full and round without a wrinkle or a fold.
Or watch the waves that glide,
By the vessel's stately side,
Or the wild sea birds that follow thro' the air.
Or gather in a ring,
And with cheerful voices sing,
Oh! gaily goes the ship when the wind blows fair

Far, far upon the sea,
With the sunshine on our lea,
We talk of pleasant days when we were young,
And remember though we roam,
The sweet melodies of home,
The happy songs of childhood, which we sung.
And though we quit her shore,
To return to it no more,
Sound the glories that Britannia yet shall hear,
That "Britons rule the waves,
And never shall be slaves,"
Oh! gaily goes the ship when the wind blows fair.

Far, far upon the sea,
Whate'er our country be,
The thought of it shall clear us as we go.
And Scotland's sons shall join,
'In the days of auld lagne syne,
With voice by memory softened clear and low.
And the men of Erin's Isle,
Battling sorrow with a smile,
Shall sing 'St. Patrick's morning' void of care,
And thus we pass the day,
As we journey on our way,
Oh! gaily goes the ship when the wind blows fair

LITTLE NELL.

They told him, gently, she was dead,
And spoke of heaven and smiled;
Then drew him from the lonely room
Where lay the lovely child.
'Twas all in vain, he heeded not
Their pitying looks of sorrow.
"Hush! hush!" he cried, "she only sleeps—
She'll wake again to-morrow!"

They laid her in a lowly grave,
Where winds blew high and bleak,
Tho' the faintest summer breeze had been
Too rough to fan her cheek.
And there the poor old man would watch.
In strange, tho' childish sorrow,
And whisper to himself the words,
"She'll come again to-morrow!"

One day they miss'd him long, and sought
Where most he lov'd to stray;
They found him dead upon the turf
Where little Nelly lay.
With tottering steps he'd wander'd there
Fresh hope and strength to borrow,
And e'en in dying breath'd this prayer,
"Oh, let her come to-morrow."
The old man, dying, breath'd the prayer
"Oh, let her come to-morrow."

NEW AND FAVORITE SONGS.

(THE BEST VERSION OUT).

EVANS'S HOOP DE DOODEN DOO.

Written for, and sung by Mr. Harry Clifton, at
Evans's Grand Hotel, J. A. Hardwick

Dem nigger fellows comes 'fore you,
And chaunts what dey call hoop de dooden doo
But not a bit of it am true—

All hoop de dooden doo.
List to dis child and you shall hear,
Some tings what's funny some what's queer,
From de real nigger Shakempears—
Hoop de dooden do.

Now some people hove a long career,
Of fortune, friend, and all things dear,
While othes find this blessed sphere

All hoop de &c
Look at that monster golden nugget
Some lusty fellow up have duget;
Oh, would 'nt I sing if I could smug it
Hood de &c.

Mr. Rarey's licking in the tin,
By breaking vicious horses in.
Ten guineas to teach how—he may grin—
Hoop de, &c.

But the secret I mean to tell here,
The fact am this—tis very clear—
He just whispers in the horses ear—
Hoop de, &c.

The Bobby, now he casts his eye
On some much nicer luxury,
And fancies common rabbit pie
But hoop de dooden doo.

A fine bit of the streaky sort,
To grub the honest peeler thought
Ho did 'nt save his bacon, for he caught—
Hoop de dooden doo.

These organ-eyed scamps, all the day
Up everywhere the devil play,
And wont move on—but grin away
Hoop de dooden doo.

If to drive the fellow off's your plan,
When round the neighbourhood you haveran
Just find a policeman if you can—
Hoop de dooden doo.

We shout Britannia rules the waves
And Britons never will be slaves,
But famished scores fill pauper graves
Hoop de dooden doo.

We might as well, instead of fling,
Our tiles up, for the good twill bring,
Cut all such gammon stuff and sing—
Hoop de dooden doo.

When husbands now leave bed and board
They find if out of luck and floored,
To drop down on their spousy's hoard
Tis hoop de dooden doo.

All hopes of that they may discard,
And find, tho' they may think it hard,
Henceforth, the "willains" are debarred—
Al hoop de &c.

They coolly tell us honesty,
Is the "werry" best of policy,
But, stick to THAT, and soon you'll see—
It's hoop de &c.

Get up a scheme, no matter what,
Till lots of ready cash you've got,
Then let shareholders go to pot—
Like hoop de &c.

To gull each British tax-paying flat,
Lords talk about Reform, so pat,
But we shall get as much of that—
As hoop de &c.

But, tho' I could come out rather strong,
The subject I will not prolong,
Or you'll say, as much sense has my song—
As hoop de dooden doo.

WILLIE WE HAVE MISSED YOU.

Oh, Willie is it you, dear, safe, safe at home?
They did not tell me true dear they said you would
not come,

I heard you at the gate and it made my heart re-
joice,

For I knew that welcome footstep and that dear
familiar voice. (gloom,
Making music on my ear in the lonely midnight
Oh, Willie, we have missed you—welcome wel-
come home.

We've longed to see you nightly, but this night of
all, (the hall,
The fire was blazing brightly, and lights were in
The little ones were up till twas ten o'clock and
past,

Then their eyes began to twinkle, and they've
gone to sleep at last;
But they listened for your voice till they thought
you'd never come,

Oh, Willie, we have missed you—welcome, wel-
come home.

The days were sad without you, the nights long
and drear,
My dreams have been about you, oh, welcome
Willie dear.

Last night I wept and watched, by the moon-
light's cheerless ray,
Till I thought I heard your footstep, when I
wiped my tears away;
But my heart grew sad again, when I found you
had not come;

Oh, Willie we have missed you—welcome, wel-
come home!

WHEN I DREAM THAT YOU LOVE ME

A Favourite Song. Sung by Mr. Sims Reeves.

When I dream that I love you you'll surely forgive
Extend not your anger to sleep,
For in vision alone your affections can live.
I rise and it leaves me to weep.

Then Morpheus envelope my faculties fast,
Shed o'er me, your languor benign
Shold the dream of to-night but resemble the
last,

O, what rapture sweet cloe is mine.

Tho' in vision, sweet lady, perhaps you may smile,
Oh! think not my penance deficient;
When dreams of thy presence my slumbers beguile,
To awake will be torment sufficient.

NEW AND FAVOURITE SONGS.

THE PRINCESS ROYAL'S WEDDING.

A New Comic Song, Sung by Messrs W. Julian, and W. J. Adams.—J. A. Hardywick.

Air.—"Paddy's Wedding."

John Bull, draw near and you shall hear
About the glorious doings O,
With Prussias prince who here long since,
Our Princess Royal came wooing O;
He meant to win and he's got the tin,
From out of sappy Johnny O;
And at last the pair they up will flare,
Upon our British money O.

CHORUS.—The flags did blow the bells did go,
No one a tear was shedding O,
And all was gay that happy day,
Of the Princess Royal's wedding O

On the bridal day Queen Vic did say,
To her beloved daughter O;
Now be a brick and mind your stick,
Up for your rights, no quarter O;
Then says the girl, depend I shall,
I mean to do it, rather O,
And manage spouse, and rule my house,
As you have ruled my father O!

From German courts of various sorts,
Came many a hungry glutton O,
To board and sleep upon the cheap,
And pitch in John Bull's mustard O,
Without a doubt at sour Krout,
At home they all fight shy at O,
For feeding here beats all the cheer,
Provided by German Diet O,

Of the presents great, I beg to state
They costly were, and many O!
And for the lot Bull paid the shot,
And it took him a pretty penny O,
So many they took home away,
The country on her doating O!
With all to trip 'twould have took that ship,
"Leviathan," if she'd been floatin' O!

Before they went some nights they spent'
At the London playhouses O,
And Al. and Prince Fred both went to bed,
Quite snuggy thro' their carouse O,
On the last day they rode away,
The Queen had taken her salary O!
To the New Cut and up went the lot,
In the thrums Victoria galley O;

The fete was grand they had a hand,
Of pickled pork and cabbage O
And half a sheep a wet an cheap,
From Newgate markets garbage O;
The Prussian lord soon cleared the board,
And gnawed the bones unheeding O;
The Queens black looks these hungry dukes,
Aint use to English feeding O;

Now they're gone back with a full sack
Of John Bull's cash, to Berlin O;
And in good time will run the rhyme,
They've a royal little darling O.

Grandfather Al., and Victoria shall
Rejoice it to carry O!
And Bull the shot, will pay, when they've got
Another daughter to marry O.

THE MARRIAGE OF THE PRINCESS ROYAL.

Written by T. Ramsey. Sung by Mrs. E. Taylor
Air.—Lucy Long.

'Tis of a Royal marriage I am now about to sing
Some people say it is all square, some say its not
the thing
That for our young Princess Royal there was not
throughout our land,
An Englishman that could be found well worthy
of her hand.
Spoken.—And 60,000 hanging to it.

CHORUS.

But they did not take their time if I can under-
stand, (hand)
To find a John Bull good enough to take her royal
Spoken.—With 60,000 hanging to it.

There is another case in point which I will show
to you.
What this easy old John Bull is flat enough
When his Royal children marry he makes a royal
fuss,
Tho' they've pick'd his pockets all their life he'll
then give a purse.
Spoken.—Of 60,000 hanging to it.

So for some needy foreigner they went on the
look out,
To gemmon silly old John Bull, and cleaned his
pockets out.
So they picked out a Prussian blue, that the
Princess had just seen,
To nick this 60,000 which shows he was not green
Of 60,000, &c.

Here is another case in point, we all should under-
stand,
All this lot of money goes to another land,
And the Prussian takes her for better or for
worse,
This is a good pull in it, this 60,000 purse.
Of 60,000, &c.

Now to send away our Princess in a foreign land
to roam,
With so much of our money which we want so
much at home,
While so many English daughters are now in
want of bread; and in want of shelter, and a
Shoeless, Ragged, and in want of shelter, and a
And a share of this 60,000.

But if your foreign daughters come to take our
Prince's hand,
They never fail to ask John Bull what he's going
to stand;
And after they have bled him, they at his weak-
ness laugh,
And say that "dat he's not von John Bull, but
dat he's von Jack Calf."
To give 60,000 pounds.

NEW AND FAVOURITE SONGS.

LONG PARTED HAVE WE BEEN.

Music published in the 'Musical Bouquet.'

Long parted have we been,
Many troubles have we seen,
Since the weary day we left them on our good old
English shore,
And we took a last farewell to return to them no
more.

But they're coming, coming, coming,
They are coming with the flowers,
They are coming with the summer,
To this new land of ours.
And we'll all forget our sadness,
And shake their hands with gladness,
And bid them joyous welcome,
To this new land of ours.

How often have we prayed,
They were here in joy array'd,
The friends, the dear relations, and the lovers fond
and true,
To share our better life, and all the joys we
knew.

And they're coming, coming, coming,
They are coming with the flowers,
They are coming with the summer,
To this new land of ours.
And we'll give them cordial greeting,
And have a merry meeting,
And a day of true rejoicing,
In this new land of ours.

In all our happiness,
There steamed a joy the less
When we looked around and missed them by the
fireside's cheerful glow,
The old familiar comrades that we loved so long
ago.

But they're coming, coming, coming,
They are coming with the flowers,
They're coming with the summer,
To this new land of ours.
It needs but their embraces,
And all their smiling faces,
To make us quite contented,
In this new land of ours.

OH! LET ME LIKE A SOLDIER FALL.

Oh! let me like a soldier fall
Upon some opening plain;
This breast expanding for the ball,
To blot out every stain;
Brave, manly hearts confer my doom
That gentler ones may tell,
How'er forgot, unknown my tomb,
I like a soldier fell.

I only ask of that proud race,
Which ends its blaze in me;
To die the last and not disgrace
Its ancient chivalry.
Tho' o'er my clay no banner wave,
Nor trumpet requiem swell—
Enough, they murmur at my grave
He like a soldier fell.

THE OLD FOLKS AT HOME

'Way down upon the Swane's ribber,
Far, far away;
Dere's where my heart is turning eber,
Dere's where de old folks atay.
All up and down de whole creation
Sady I roam;
Still longing for de old plantation,
And de old folks at home.

All de world am sad and dreary
Eberywhere I roam—
Oh, darkies, how my heart grow weary,
Far from de old folks at home.

All round de little farm I wander'd
When I was young;
Den many happy days I squander'd
Many songs I sung.
When I was playin' wid my broder
Happy was I—
Oh, take me to my kind old modder,
Dere let me lib and die.

One little hut among de bushes,
And one dat I love,
Still sady to my mem'ry rushes,
No matter where I rove.
When will I see de bees a humming
All round de comb?
When will I hear de banjo tunning
Down in my good old home?

TO THE WEST, TO THE WEST

Music published in the 'Musical Bouquet.'

To the West, to the West, to the land of the free,
Where mighty Missouri rolls down to the sea,
Where a man is a man, if he's willing to toil,
And the humblest may gather the fruits of the soil.
Where children are blessings, and he who hath
most,
Has aid for his fortune and riches to boast,
Where the young may exult and the aged may
rest,
Away, far away, to the land of the West.

To the West, to the West, where the rivers that flow
Run thousands of miles spreading out as they go,
Where the green waving forests shall echo our call,
As wide as old England, and free to us all.
There the prairies, like seas where the billows
have roll'd
Are broad as the kingdoms and empires of old;
And the lakes are like oceans in storm or in rest
Away, far away, to the land of the West.

To the West, to the West, there is wealth to be won,
The forest to clear is the work to be done;
We'll try it—we'll do it—and never despair;
While there's light in the sunshine, or breath in
the air;
The bold independence that labour shall buy
Shall strengthen our hands and forbid us to sigh
Away, far away, let us hope for the best,
And build up a home in the land of the West.

NEW AND FAVORITE SONGS

DOWNFALL OF THE BRITISH LION.

New Satirico-Politico Comic Song. Hardwick.

Air—Adam and Eve.

John Bull, to liberty, bid good morning
And all things English now be scorning,
For the British Lion they're going to bind him,
With his tail chopped short, tucked in behind him
To please his mightiness, great Nappy,
If you wish to exist here happy,
Cut spouting of chartered British freedom,
Here's your rules to follow and mind you heed em

Chorus—Never more for glory try on,
It's all up now with the British Lion,

Obeys the "Moniteur" and Paris journals,
And tremble at fire-eating Colonels!
You're not the men you "used to was," sir,
Give up your person, house, and purse, sir,
Don't speak, unless you ask permission,
And change entirely your condition
From a jolly independant Briton
To a Mounseer, gagged, and kicked, and spit on.

Turn your peelers into spies cockaded,
And as your naval glory's faded,
Burn your ships, and the Leviathan freight her
With each wild Liberal agitator—
Who dare to speak and set their faces
Against wrong-doers in high places;
For old rags sell the British Banner,
And into mourning put Britannia.

Roast beef no more dare to devour,
And discard plum pudding from this hour;
Banish jolly good ale and Barclay's porter,
And live on frogs and sugared water,
Eat French rolls on peril of a fine, sir,
Of twenty francs, if you decline, sir,
Your Day and Martin bottle demolish,
And shine your boots up with French polish

For fear our Ally you should nettle,
Chop up the Iron Duke for old metal;
All his statues from London shy out,
And knock Lord Nelson's other eye out.
Waterloo bridge annihilate, sir,
Of that battle never dare to prate, sir;
Famed Apsley house sell, smash, or burn up,
And you mustn't sleep in a Waterloo turn-up.

Send "Punch" of Fleet-street to the galleys
Burn down Printing House square alleys,
Give Radical editors all a roasting,
And take no paper but the "Post" in.
When you go out for pleasure nobby,
Give up your Key to a French Bobby,
So shall you gain the approbation
Of the Czar of "La Grande Nation."

Audacious Bull—you've thought, some time here
That you won battles in the Crimea;
Oh what a delusion—what a story—
Twas France alone gained all the glory.
Your British Lion's a scrubby poodle,
Pecked by the Gallic cock-a-doodle,
He's lost his pluck, and now his place is
To lick the Imperial trotter cases.

Well, purple-robed, bee-spangled Louis,
Don't you think John Bull feels bluey,
And means to quietly knuckle under,
To arragant Imperial thunder.
Not a bit of it! he may behold you
Stepping off when friends have sold you,
And when exiled, with fortune undone,
You yet may be a shoeblack in London.

Now, John, as liberty has vanished,
Let all your old clap-trap be banished,
Of Britons bold and Freedom's Banner,
And sport a Tri-coloured Bandanna.
Oh yes, we'll bow down, every one, sir,
Like Aldermen did in Fifty-one, sir,
But, hold hard—ere each mouth we shut it—
Don't the Gallic cock wish he may get it.
For in spite of all the moves they try on,
It's not up, yet, with the British Lion.

ANSWER TO JOE IN THE COP- PER.

Written by Thomas Ramsay.

No doubt you've heard a song sung about a sartin
youth, (the truth,
A sweatheart of a sarvant gal, but they doesn't tell
For I knows the very sarvant gal of what so much
you've head, (occur'd
And if you'll listen unto me I'll tell you how it
The butcher and the baker they both sweathearted
she, (a spree,
And she thought it was no harm to have with them
And there was a policeman stationed on that beat
Who was fond of goose and rabbit pie, and she
oft gave him a treat.

Now it happened on a sartin time she heard her
missus say,
She was going to a sarmint but not unto a play,
And it happened that the baker came and what is
strange to tell,
While the baker peel'd the taters, the peeler rang
the bell.

The baker he was angry to find his love so cropt,
And as he could not reach the door he in the
oven popp'd,
The policeman swore by all that's blue that he'd
make her his wife.
Then he ax'd how the cupboard stood, and pull'd
out a sharp knife.

She did the best she could for him, his appetite to
please,
He cut away at mutton then slipp'd into the cheese
Just as he finished up the lot and was axing her
for more, (door,
Her missus and the butcher came knocking at the
And she run down the kitchen before I'd time to
to stop her, (the copper
Meantime the bold policeman had slipp'd into
And the butcher filled the copper, and at her
missus smil'd,
Saying raw lobsters was not good unless they
were well bil'd.

Then they lit the copper fire, she said to cook
some meat, (the oven heat,
But the flue that boiled the supper it did
So they both rush'd out—this is the truth, take
pity on my case, (character and plamece
For I lost three lovers smack at once with my.

NEW AND FAVOURITE SONGS.

HOOP DE DOO-DEN-DOO.

Music Boquet Office, Holborn.
A Favourite American Melody, sung by
Mr. E. H. Pierce.

Some hundred years ago or more,
Poor old Massa set me free,
Poor old Missus then did cry—
Hoop de doo-den-doo,

I took my goods upon my back,
Den look'd out for a railway track,
De whistle soon did holler out—
Hoop de doo-den-doo.

I stroll'd along a mile or so,
Widout a boot and not a shoe:
Soon my feet did hurt me, oh!
Hoop de doo-den-doo,

I laid my goods all on de ground,
And look'd a-bove, and stared a round,
But soon I heard de whistle sound,
Hoop de doo-den-doo,

I walk'd a long not berry far,
Den I see a Railway car,
Flying ober a turn-pike-bar,
Hoop de doo-den-doo,

Den such a noise, and such a sight,
Made me run away wid fright,
I got no sleep dat berry night—
Hoop de doo-den-doo,

I run to pick a baby up,
And see if it was kill'd or hurt,
The little dear began to shout—
Hoop de doo-den-doo,

Some o-ther feller broke his leg,
And now he's got a wooden peg!
De last words dat your Uncle said—
Hoop de doo-den-doo!

HERE'S TO THE NAVY AGAIN.

(As sung by Miss Glover.)

Every man is expected his duty to do,
Was the last signal made to the British fleet's
crew;

Let your watchword be Nelson, ye sons of the
main,
When ye fight, and you'll conquer again and
again.

Huzza, Huzza, &c., &c.,
You will never find such men—
No, never;

As the army and navy huzza.

'Twas this day we beat the proud Frenchman
and Don—

If they wish again, why let them come on
We'll fight till we sink, ere our union we'll
stain,

Then fill, boys, and drink to the Navy again.
On board or on shore, it is all one to me,
Onboard I've my duty—on shore I've my
spree,

My ship is my boast, my home's the wild
main,
I have but one toast—here's the navy again.
Success to old England, the land of the free!
Success to our Sovereign, the Queen of the
sea!
Success to our sailors, the lords of the main!
Success to the navy, again and again.

I LOVE THE MERRY SUN- SHINE.

(Sung by Miss Clifton.)

I love the merry sunshine—
It makes the heart so gay
To hear the sweet birds singing
On their summer holiday,
With their wild-wood notes of duty,
From Hawthorn bush and tree;
Oh! the sunshine is all beauty!
The merry sun for me!

I love the merry sunshine
Through the dewy morning's show'r,
With its rosy smiles advancing;
Like a beauty from her bow'r
It charms the soul in sadness,
It sets the spirit free;
Oh, the sunshine is all gladness—
The merry sun for me!

MARGUERITE'S DEATH BED FAREWELL.

I love thee ever dearly,
Oh! Armande, dear, I long once more,
In these fond arms to press thee;
My fleeting life, I'd freely give,
Could I again caress thee,
My vision fades my heart grows cold,
Yet of thee, love, I'm dreaming;
And fancy shows in fever'd sleep,
Thy bright eyes on me beaming.

I'd die in peace, could I but taste,
The joys that once you gave me;
Life's ebbing fast.—Oh! Armande come,
The sight of you will save me.
Alas! 'tis vain, thou'rt far away,
On earth I ne'er shall greet thee;
So Heaven forgive me—take my soul,
And Armande, there, I'll meet thee!

TASTE! OH TASTE.

Taste, oh taste, this spicy wine,
Drain the sparkling cup I pray;
Does your heart in sadness pine?
Drink and sadness clears away.

Now may nimble troops of pleasure,
Seal your hours, in merriment light;
Deck the ~~cup~~ with fancy's treasure,
Bless the ~~cup~~ and crown the night.

NEW AND FAVOURITE SONGS.

MARY OF ARGYLE.

I have heard the mavis singing,
It's love song to the morn,
I've seen the dew-drop clinging
To the rose just newly born,
But a sweeter song has cheered me,
At the evening's gentle close,
And I've seen an eye still brighter
Than the dew-drop on the rose.
'Twas thy voice, my gentle Mary,
And thy artless winning smile,
That made this world an Eden,
Bonny Mary of Argyle.

Tho' thy voice may lose its sweetness;
And thine eyes its brightness, too,
Tho' thy step may lack its swiftness,
And thine hair its sunny hue,
Still to me wilt thou be dearer,
Than all the world shall owe,
I have loved thee for thy beauty,
But not for that alone!
I have watch'd thy heart, dear Mary,
And its goodness was the wile,
That has made thee mine for ever,
Bonny Mary of Argyle!

THE LOW-BACK'D CAR.

When first I saw sweet Peggy,
'Twas on a market day,
A low-back'd car she drove, and sat
Upon a truss of hay;
But when that hay was blooming grass,
And deck'd with flow'rs of spring,
No flow'r was there that could compare
With the blooming girl I sing,
As she sat in the low-back'd car,
The man at the turnpike bar
Never asked for his toll,
But just rubbed his old poll,
And look'd after the low-back'd car.

Sweet Peggy, round her car, sir,
Has strings of ducks and geese,
But the scores of hearts she slaughters,
By far outnumber these,
While she among her poultry sits,
Just like a turtle dove,
Well worth the cage, I do engage,
Of the blooming god of love.
While she sits in her low-back'd car,
The lovers come near and far,
And envy the chicken
That Peggy is picking—
As she sits in the low-back'd car.

Oh, I'd rather own that car, sir,
With Peggy by my side,
Than a coach and four, and gold galore,
And a lady for my bride;
For the lady would sit fornest me,
On a cushion made with taste,
While Peggy would sit beside me,
With my arm around her waist.
While we drove in the low-back'd car,
To be married by Father Maher,
Oh, my heart would beat high
At her glance and her sigh
Though it beat in a low-back'd car.

JOHNNY SANDS' BOON

A man, whose name was Johnny Sands,
Had married Betty Haigh,
And tho' she brought him gold and lands,
She proved a terrible plague.
For, oh, she was a scolding wife,
Full of caprice and whim,
He said that he was tired of life,
And she was tired of him.
And she was tired of him,
Says he, "then I will drown myself—
The river runs below."
Says she, "pray do, you silly elf,
I wished it long ago."
Says he, "upon the brink I'll stand,
Do you run down the hill—
And push me in with all your might."
Says she, "my love I will."

"For fear that I should courage lack
And try to save my life,
Pray tye my hands behind my back."
"I will," replied his wife.
She tied them fast as you may think,
And when securely done,
"Now stand," she says, "upon the brink,
And I'll prepare to run,
And I'll prepare to run."
All down the hill his loving bride,
Now ran with all her force
To push him in—he stepped aside—
And she fell in of course.
Now splashing, dashing, like a fish,
"Oh, save me, Johnny Sands,"
"I can't, my dear, tho' much I wish,
For you have tied my hands."

BONNIE DUNDEE.

To the Lords of Convention 'twas Claverhouse
spoke;
Ere the king's crown go down there are crown to
be broke,
Then each cavalier, who loves honour and me,
Let him follow the bonnets of bonnie Dundee.
Come, fill up my cup—come, fill up my can
Come, saddle my horses, and call out my men;
Unhook the west port, and let us gae free,
For it's up wi' the bonnets of bonnie Dundee.

Dundee he is mounted, he rides up the street;
The bells they ring backward, the drums they are
beat;
But the provost (Dunee mon) said just 'en et it be,
For the town is well rid o' that de'il o' Dundee.

There are hills beyond Pentland, and lands beyond
Perth,
If there's Lords in the South, there are Chiefs in
the North;
There are brave dinnie vassals, three thousand
times three,
Will cry "heigh," for the bonnets of bonnie
Dundee.

Then awa' to the hills, to the lea, to the rocks;
Ere I own a usurper, I'd croun with the fox—
And tremble, false whigs, in the midst of your glee
Ye nae no seen the bonnets and

NEW AND FAVOURITE SONGS.

THE BRAVE MOUSQUETAIRE.

'Neath a vine covered porch sat an Old Mousquetaire,
Watching intently a fair child at play,
The toys round him scattered, tho' simple they were,
Bore the Old Soldier's thoughts far away.
At the sound of the drum he was feeble no more,
But flourished his crutch in the air—
If a Soldier you'd be, find a tutor in me;
Shoulder arms! cried the old Mousquetaire.

Then the Old Mousquetaire spoke of warlike array,
He built mimic ramparts and stormed mimic towers;
Oh, the heart of a Soldier was formed that day
In that garden of fresh wild flowers;
'Twas thus, he cried, that our Emperor stood,
His sword flashing bright in the air;
His cry Vive la France brave! comrades advance,
To the charge! on, my brave Mousquetaire.

My musket and sword I have hung up to rest,
With my knapsack and belt, and my batter'd canteen,
At Jena, at Wagram, the East and the West,
With the Old Mousquetaire they have been,
I could still stand a brush, tho' nearly four score,
But prudence now whispers beware.
For the period draws nigh, when King Death will cry,
Pile your arms! to the Old Mousquetaire.

THE ENGLISHMAN.

There's a land that bears a world known name,
Tho' it is but a little spot;
'Tis first on the blazing scroll of fame,
And who shall say it is not,
Of the deathless ones who shine and live,
In arms, in heart, in song,
The brightest the whole wide world can give,
To that little land belong.
'Tis the star of the earth, deny it who can,
The island home of an Englishman.

There's a flag that floats o'er every sea,
No matter when or where,
And to treat that flag as aught but the free,
Is more than the strongest dare.
For the lion spirits that tread the deck,
Have carried the palm of the brave,
And that flag may sink with a shot torn wreck,
But never float o'er a slave.
Its honour is stainless, deny it who can,
The flag of a true born Englishman.

The Briton may traverse the pole or zone,
And boldly claim his right,
For he calls such a vast domain his own,
That the sun never sets on his might.
Let the haughty stranger seek to know,
The place of his home and birth,
And a flush will pour from cheek to brow,
tells of his native earth,
charter, deny it who can,
the words, "I'm an Englishman."

THE FAIRY TEMPTER.

A fair girl was sitting in a greenwood shade,
Listening to the music the spring birds made;
Whose sweeter by far than the birds on the tree,
A voice murmured near her, 'Oh, come, love with me,
In earth, a thing so fair, I have not seen as thee,
Then come, love, come, love, with me.'

'With a star for thy home, in a palace of light,
Thou wilt add a fresh grace to the beauty of night;
Or if wealth be thy wish thine are treasures untold,
I will show thee the birthplace of jewels and gold,
And pearly caves beneath the waves,
All these are thine, if thou wilt be mine, love.

Thus whispered a fairy to tempt a fair girl,
But vain was his promise of gold and of pearl,
For she said tho' thy gifts to a poor girl be dear,
My father, my mother, my sisters are here.
Oh, what would be thy gifts to me, of earth, and sea, and air,
If my heart were not there—if my heart were not there.

ROUSE, BROTHERS, ROUSE.

Music Published in the "Musical Bouquet."

Rouse, brothers, rouse, the way is long before us,
Free as the winds we love to roam,
Far thro' the prairie, far thro' the forest,
Over the mountains we'll find a home.
We cannot breathe in crowded cities,
We're strangers to the ways of trade;
We long to feel the grass beneath us,
And ply the hatchet and the spade.
Rouse, brothers, rouse! the way is long before us,
Free as the winds we love to roam,
Far thro' the prairie, far thro' the forest,
Over the mountains we'll find a home.

Meadows and hills and ancient woodlands
Offer us pasture, fruit, and corn,
Needing our presence, courting our labour—
Why should we linger like men forlorn?
We love to hear the ringing rifle,
The smiting axe, the falling tree;
And tho' our life be rough and lonely,
If it be honest, what care we?

Fair elbow room for men to thrive in!
Wide elbow room for work or play!
If cities follow, tracking our footsteps,
Ever to westward shall point our way!
Rude tho' our life, it suits our spirit,
And new-born states in future years
Shall own us founders of a nation,
And bless the hardy "Pioneers."

DIE NOT, FOND MAN.

Die not, fond man, before thy day;
Love's cold December
Will surrender
To succeeding jocund May
And then, oh, then sorrow shall
Comforts abounding,
Cares confounding,
Shall conclude a happy peace.

NEW AND FAVORITE SONGS

HOOP DE DOODEN DOO.

The Celebrated Negro Melody, Sung by the
Christy Minstrels.
Music published by Davidson, Peter's Hill,
Doctors Commons

Now whoever into power goes,
Fleece us the same and well we knows,
All we get for paying thro' the nose,
Is hoop de dooden doo.
If they'd send here up high to swing,
Commissioner Yeh and Delhi's King,
We'd do it jolly quick and sing—
Hoop de dooden doo.

The song I'm gwine to sing about
I tink will leave you all in doubt,
But what it means you may find out
Hoop de dooden do.
Now we will have a pleasant chat,
And soon you'll see what I am at,
If it 'tisn't dis—it must be dat
Hoop de dooden doo.

When massa bought me, I was sold,
He wasn't young—he wasn't old,
And all he said or sung, I'm told,
Was—hoop de dooden do.
He went one day and got a wife,
Who stuck him wid de carving-knife
And the only ting dat saved his life
Was—hoop de dooden do.

I recollect when I was born,
Dey left me by myself forlorn,
It wasn't night—it wasn't morn.
Hoop de dooden do.

It was so dark we couldn't see,
When some one—mind, it wasn't me
Said—You look out or dere will be,
Hoop de dooden do.

De odder day I took de train,
To somewhere else and back again,
And dere was sunshine, snow, and
rain—
Hoop de dooden do.

I found a man whose name was
Jones,
Says I What brings you off destones
Says he, in most misterious tones—
Hoop de dooden do.

In consequence of dat remark,
I was completely in de dark,
Bnt suddenly a voice cried—Hark!
Hoop de dooden do.

Next day I went and bought a coat,
To button round my head and treat
But when axed for a five pound note
Hoop de dooden doo.

To de Isle of Dogs I took a trip,
To see 'em launch de big steam ship
What's dat says I; says he, A slip,
Hoop de dooden doo.

Ebery time a move she made,
Brunel or somebody else hoorayed,
And Father Thames popped 'up and
said— Hoop de dooden doo.

Robinson Crusoe, dat man ob note,
Like Brunel, once built a boat
But when he tried to get it afloat—
Hoop de dooden doo.

Big Ben, de famous Warner bell,

Was made de time of day to tell,
But de sound dat came when the
clapper fell,
Hoop de dooden doo.

Of one ting only I am sure,—
Two and two, dey say, makes four,
And multiplied, it will be more,
Hoop de dooden doo.
So from dese most important facts,
You may reply, when any ax
What branch of learning we should
tax— Hoop de dooden doo.

My sweetheart she dress in green,
A silk made ob a bombazine;
You ought to see her crinolone—
Hoop de dooden doo.
We married off winout a fuss,
I got a cradle and a nuss,
Then made my mind up for the wuss
Hoop de dooden doo.

Prince Fred'rick got John Bull to pay
Eight thousand a year to take away
De Princess Royal—w'en't he say—
Hoop de dooden doo.
How Germans dey must grin,
To see John Bull so taken in
Dey find de husband, we de tin—
Hoop de dooden doo.

To de opera house I went one night
De people there got up in a fright
And Piccolomini shrieked outright,
Hoop de dooden doo.
I merely asked what was de matter
When dey called me a poor La Tray-
viatter,
And de boxkeepers began to chatter
Hoop de dooden doo.

This song was sung some years ago
In an opera call'd Les Huguenots,
By Mario, or else Defoe.
Hoop de dooden doo.

Some people say this is not true,
For Meyerbeer that air won't do,—
Its but Aunt Sally cut in too
With— Hoop de dooden doo.

ROBSON'S WHOOP DE OODUM DOO.

Sung by Mr. F. Robson.

I've turned the matter in my mind,
And weighed the pros and cons combined,
Whereof the sole result I find
Is whoop de oodum do.

I've more than once conceived the thought
That tis a deed I didn't ought
Till back to the conclusion brought
Of whoop de oodum do.

The approving of honest men
Is well worth earning now and then
But on the other hand again
Whoop de oodum do

I've still my doubts, I freely own't,
I think I will, but perhaps I won't,
On calm reflection if I don't
I'm whoop de oodum do.